

VERSES,

Lately vvritten by THOMAS
EARLE OF STRAFFORD.

(I.)

GOe, Empty Joyes,
Withall your noyse,
And leave me here alone,
In sweet sad silence to bemoane
Your vaine and fleet delight,
Whose danger none can see aright,
Whilest your false splendor dimmes his fight.

(II.)

Goe and insnare
With your false ware;
Some other easie Wight,
And cheat him with your flattering Light:
Raine on his head a shower
Of Honours, favour, wealth, and power;
Then snatch it from him in an houre.

(III.)

Fill his big minde
With gallant winde
Of insolent applause:
Let him not feare all-curbing Lawes,
Nor King nor peoples frowne;
But dreame of something like a Crowne,
And climbing towards it, tumble downe.

(IV.)

Let him appeare
In his bright Sphere,
Like *Scythia* in her pride,
With star-like troupes on every side;
Such for their number and their light,
As may at last orewhelme him quite,
And blend us both in one dead night.

(V.)

Welcome sad Night,
Griefes sole delight,

Your mourning best agrees
With Honours funerall Obsequies.
In *Thesis* lap he lyes,
Mantled with soft securities,
Whose too much Sun-shine blinds his eyes.

(VI.)

Was he too bold,
That needs would hold
With curbing raines, the day,
And make *Sals* fiery Steeds obey?
Then sure as rash was I,
Who with ambitious wings did flye
In *Charles* his waine too loftily.

(VII.)

I fall, I fall;
Whom shall I call?
Alas, can he be heard,
Who now is neither lov'd nor fear'd?
You, who were wont to kisse the ground,
Where e're my honour'd steps were found,
Come catch me at my last rebound.

(VIII.)

How each admires
Heav'ns twinkling fires,
When from their glorious seat
Their influence gives life and heat.
But O! how few there ar',
(Though danger from that act be far)
Will stoop and catch a falling star.

(IX.)

Now 'tis too late
To imitate
Those Lights, whose pallidnesse
Argues no inward guiltinesse:
Their course one way is bent,
The reason is, there's no dissent
In Heavens high Court of Parliament.